



A

# Pindaric ODE,

Sacred to the

# MEMORY

OF

*The Most Reverend Father in GOD,*

D<sup>R</sup>. **William Sancroft,**

Once MASTER of *EMMANUEL College*

IN

# CAMBRIDGE,

AND

LATE Arch-BISHOP

OF

# CANTERBURY,

Who Departed this LIFE November 24th. 1693.

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A

English ODE

Set to the

Y M E M O R Y

TO

THE MUSICAL PARTS IN GOD

D. AUGUSTINUS SCHMIDT

QO MASTERS OF EMMUNAUA CANT

IN

C A M B R I D G E

AND

AT THE HIGH-DISHOT

OF

C A N T I T R U B U R Y

W H O D O B O R N H I T E T T O P H I T H I P P O

W H O D O B O R N H I T E T T O P H I T H I P P O

W H O D O B O R N H I T E T T O P H I T H I P P O

W H O D O B O R N H I T E T T O P H I T H I P P O

**A**  
**Pindaric ODE,**  
 Sacred to the  
**MEMORY**  
 OF  
*The Most Reverend Father in G O D,*  
**D<sup>r</sup> William Sancroft, &c.**

*Strophe I.*

O Nce more Vouchsafe, Indulgent Mule,  
 T' inflame my suppliant Breast with sacred Fire;  
 Since now a Task I chuse,  
 The Noblest and the Ablest to Inspire,  
 The Saddest, yet the Worthiest, Theme,  
 That e're engag'd our Eyes in Tears to flow,  
 Or e're requir'd a full *Caſtalian Stream*,  
 To bear the Solemn Pomp of Numerous Woe.  
 Much Grief enchas'd with Joy is to be set,  
 An Iv'ry Triumph in *Dispairing Jet*;  
 Sadness and Pleasure here must Play their Part,  
 With mighty Truths Adorn'd with Wondrous Art.

## Antistrophe I.

'Tis **SANCROFT**'s Venerable Name,  
 Great **CANTERBURY**'s Greater Patriarch,  
 The Nation's Pride and Shame,  
 That now becomes the Muse's worthy Mark.  
 Thou, Goddess, tho' the Mark be high,  
 And far beyond a Mortal's humble Ken,  
 Be sure to Reach it with a Daring Eye,  
 And lively Touches of a Skilful Pen.  
 And that Success may favour Thee the more,  
 Invoke that Goodness, **SANCROFT** did adore:  
 Call to thine Aid those High Celestial Powers,  
 That now have Crown'd Him theirs, who late was Ours.

## Epod. I.

Ah ! How the Numbers of his Vertues rise !  
 Ah ! How his Splendors Dazle Mortal Eyes !  
 Ah ! How his Rays Engagingly Surprise !  
 What Art shall now the various Scenes relate ?  
 How shall our Zeal the God-like Hero trace,  
 From ~~Frengfield~~, his Native Place,  
 Thro' all the Turns of his Mæandrous Fate ?  
**EMMANUEL** First the hopeful Scholar took,  
 And Smil'd on Him with her Auspicious Look;  
 She Saw her Image in his Eye express'd,  
 And at first View,  
 The Mighty, Flowing Treasures knew ;  
 The Wealth of his All-comprehending Breast.  
 There fix'd in her bright Zodiac long he shone,  
 Of Twelve the brightest Constellation :  
 Till high advanc'd to the Phœbean Carr,  
 His Beams appear'd more Bright and Darted far.

Him Fair *EMMANUEL* did Create  
 Her **Master**, ( as the World miscals the Name, )  
 Tho' He took on Him but a Servile State,  
 The Grandeur all to his *Emmanuel* Came :  
 He would be *Less*, that She might rise more *Great*.  
 Thence *Paul* receiv'd his Venerable Head,  
 And He reliev'd the much Distressed *Paul* :  
 His Tent He near the blest Apostle Spread,  
 And Built, and was Himself to Him, a Wall about.  
 Till, *Sheldon* falling from the sacred Throne,  
 To *Canterbury's* brighter Orb he rose :  
 Wise *Charles* durst on his Shoulders strong alonc  
 The Mighty Bulk of that Vast Globe repose.

*Strophe II.*

But, now what Tongue, what Pen, what Art,  
 Can half the Summ of his High Praises tell ?

The Depth of his Wise Heart,  
 Religion's spring, Learning's unfathom'd Well ?  
 The Treasures of his Wealthy Mind,  
 The Magazines of his well furnish'd Brain,

His Love Diffusive, Favour unconfine'd,  
 Sense Quick, as Lightning, Candor Sweet as Rain,  
 Judgment, as piercing, as the Eye of Day,  
 Patience, amidst injurious Treatments Gay,  
 Humility, like Corn in fertile Vales,  
 And well-fix'd Loyalty, which never fails ?

*B Antistrophe II.*

*Antistrophe. II.*

Witness, Blest Lambeth, lately Blest,  
 When *SANCROFT*'s Presence cheer'd Her gladsom Heart :  
 Witness, his Constant Guest,  
 The Poor, which ne'r from Him did Empty part.  
 Witness the *Church*, his only Wife,  
 His Friend, his Darling, Dear as Light or Breath :  
 That held her Triumph's equal with his Life,  
 But Lost Her Crown and Comfort at his Death.  
 Witness those Ears, that heard his Wond'rous Sense,  
 And those his Works; that now fresh Life Commence.  
 Witness these Times, that could not shake his Soul,  
 And Future Times, that will his Fame Enroul.

*Epod. II.*

Muse Change thy Note ! This Glorious Orb of Light  
 Is now Eclips'd, and all his Splendors Bright,  
 Sunk in th' Abyss of Everlasting Night.  
*EMMANUEL* weeps, and *Fresingfield* is sad,  
 The *Church* is Widow'd, Destitute the State,  
 Lambeth

Lambeth Deplores her Rigid Fate,  
 And Learning is in Weeds of Sable clad :  
 Our Israel is Depriv'd of her Defence,  
 Her Horse and Chariots now are Ravish'd hence,  
 And Loyalty and Virtue hence are Fle'd :

Religion's Name  
 Remains, but She's no more the same :  
 See, how, alas ! She hangs her drooping Head.  
 Farewel, Great Prelate, Last and Best of all,  
 That e're were vested with the Sacred Pall :  
 Prince of our Confessors Triumphant Crew,  
 Pride of the Crown and of the Mitre too :  
 Thee, SANCR0FT, Heaven hath now enrol'd,  
 Secure, and far remov'd from Mortal Care,  
 Crown'd and Rewarded now a Thousand Fold,  
 For all thy Faith, thy Patience, Love and Prayers,  
 And Stately Walking on Aethereal Mold.  
 We, wretched Souls, low grow'ing on the Ground,  
 Depriv'd of thy Paternal, Past'ral Care,  
 T' unequal Times and Chains of Error Bound,  
 Will yet ende'our our Losses to Repair.  
 Still on thy Bright Example We will look,  
 And Learn from thence Things Present to Despise,  
 And Study Heaven in thy Diviner Book,  
 Which doth the Counterpart of Heaven Comprise.

ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΝ ΤΟΥ

A. Επειδή μεν τὸν οὐρανὸν οὐδὲ τὸν θάνατον  
Στήκατε, αὐτὸν οὐ Παρθένοι ἀφεσθε.

B. Μῆνας, καὶ Χάριτες, παρὰ λόγον θεοῦ τοῦ  
Καὶ χθενικοφρούτην, τοῦ φίλαπατορίου.

A. Τίς τοφὴς οὐ μητρὸς;

A. Αἴ, οὐδὲ Σεραπεῖον τοῦ θεοῦ μη.

His E P I T A P H.

a **S**AY, Virgins, what are You, whose Mournful Face  
Augments the Sadness of this Burial Place?

a Our Name's Religion, Learning, Charity,  
Virtue, an Humble Mind and Loyalty.

a Who then Lies here? a Sancroft the Good and Wise.

a Alas! All Worth with Him Entombed lies.

**F I N I S.**